

# THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

## And Weekly Review;

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### Review of New Books.

LORD BYRON'S NEW POEM.

*Don Juan*, Cantos III., IV., and V., 8vo. pp. 218. London, 1821.

THERE is no living poet half so popular as Lord Byron, nor is there any effort of his muse that has been so much read or so severely censured as the first two cantos of *Don Juan*. The mysterious announcement of 'Don Juan in a few days;' the brief title page of only sixteen words; the want of a publisher's name to the work, and the stanzas of asterisks, which were supposed to have marked the curtailments, all tended to give an additional interest, and to excite an unusual degree of curiosity respecting the poem. It was universally read, much admired, often abused, expelled from reading rooms and book-societies, proscribed at boarding-schools, abjured by married men, and read in secret by their wives throughout the whole kingdom. The price at which it was first published was some restraint on public curiosity, but as the copy-right was not secured, pirated editions gratified most abundantly the avidity of the reading world, and made his lordship's poetry and his morals most extensively known.

The volume now before us is a continuation of the adventures of that vivacious libertine, *Don Juan*; but, before we enter upon the story, we shall say a word or two on some recent attacks upon his lordship. A gentleman, who can do better things, has devoted, or rather sacrificed about a dozen pages in a cotemporary journal, to expose what he calls the plagiarisms of Lord Byron; the exposure has, however, recoiled on himself, and shewn his weakness and ill-nature. He tells us that his lordship has transferred whole lines into his productions from the poem of Dr. Young,—that the plagiarisms from this author are 'numerous and palpable beyond all precedent;' and yet there is but *one* whole line from Young in the passages he has quoted. The use of a couple of words in succession is urged as an instance of

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plagiarism: and so little does this hypocrite appear to know the meaning of words, that he says Lord Byron's expression in *Manfred*, that 'sorrow is knowledge,' is a plagiarism from a passage in the *Night Thoughts*, that 'knowing is suffering.'

But we turn from this petty nibbling to a more formidable accuser, in the last number of the *Monthly Magazine*, who, in a much better spirit than the gentleman we have noticed, points out plagiarisms really palpable. They occur in the first part of *Don Juan*, where the description of the storm and shipwreck is a sort of versification of the technical phrases used in describing similar scenes in prose, in a work intitled 'Shipwrecks and Disasters at Sea.' It is, however, merely in description, that his lordship has copied this work, and that so palpably, that he could not expect to conceal it\*: take, for example, the following:—

'The pumps, to the excellence of which I owe my life, were made by Mr. Mann, of London.'

*'Loss of the ship Hercules.'*

'But for the pumps; I'm glad to make them known

To all the brother tars that may have need hence;

For fifty tons of water were upthrown

By them per hour, and they had all been undone

*But for the maker, Mr. Mann, of London.'*

His lordship, in a note to the fifth canto of *Don Juan*, has observed, 'that a poet had better borrow any thing (except money) than the thoughts of another—they are always sure to be reclaimed.' We agree with his lordship, and, notwithstanding all that has been said of his plagiarisms, it is not proved that he has borrowed one of the brilliant thoughts with which all his poems abound; and until this shall be proved against him, he will still remain the Mount Atlas of English poetry,—

'Though storms and tempests thunder on its brow,

And oceans break their billows at its feet;

It stands unmoved, and glories in its height.'

\* In our notice of *Don Juan*, see *Literary Chronicle*, No. 10, we said his lordship's description of the storm was 'tedious, and not in the author's happiest manner.'—REV.

Though there was a great deal of genius displayed, and much fine poetry in the first two cantos of *Don Juan*, yet we thought it inferior to his lordship's other productions, and we are of the same opinion with respect to the three additional cantos now given to the public; to say nothing of the morality of the poem—indeed, the less said on this point the better. The second canto left *Don Juan* and *Haidée* happy:—

On the lone shore were plighted  
Their hearts; the stars their nuptial torches,  
shed

Beauty upon the beautiful they lighted;  
Ocean their witness, and the cave their bed,  
By their own feelings hallowed and united,  
Their priest was solitude, and they were wed;  
And they were happy, for to their young eyes  
Each was an angel, and earth a paradise.'

The third canto commences with some rather severe reflections on marriage: the poet says,—

'Tis melancholy, and a fearful sign  
Of human frailty, folly, also crime,  
That love and marriage rarely can combine;'

And he then tells us that *Haidée* and *Juan* were not married, and cautions the reader, that if he would have them wedded, he should shut—

'The book which treats of this erroneous pair,  
Before the consequences grow too awful;  
'Tis dangerous to read of loves unlawful.'

While they are

happy in the illicit  
Indulgence of their innocent desires,'

*Haidée's* father returns home. It may be recollected that he was a Greek, who, by fishing and smuggling, had acquired 'an ill-gotten million of piastres:' the poet now vindicates his profession, and says,—

'Let not his mode of raising cash seem strange,  
Although he fleeced the flags of every nation;

For into a prime minister but change  
His title, and 'tis nothing but taxation;  
But he, more modest, took an humbler range  
Of life, and in an honest vocation  
Pursued o'er the high seas his watery journey,  
And merely practised as a sea-attorney.'

But he vindicates worse things than this, and seems very anxious to shew the superiority of illicit amours over marriage. In speaking of the absence of a lover, he says,—



' If single, probably his plighted fair  
Has in his absence wedded some rich miser;  
But all the better, for the happy pair  
May quarrel, and the lady growing wiser,  
He may resume his amatory care  
As cavalier servente, or despise her;  
And that his sorrow may not be a dumb one,  
Write odes on the Inconstancy of Woman.  
' And oh! ye gentlemen who have already  
Some chaste *liaison* of the kind—I mean  
An honest friendship with a married lady—  
The only thing of this sort ever seen  
To last—of all connexions the most steady,  
And the true Hymen, (the first's but a  
screen)—

Yet for all that keep not too long away,  
I've known the absent wrong'd four times a-  
day.'

Lambro, for such was the name of  
Haidée's father, was much surprised at  
his return to find a banquet, and that  
his daughter having heard he was dead,  
had taken full possession of his house.  
His feelings, on being deprived of his  
house, and his affection for his daugh-  
ter are finely portrayed: though the  
finest sentiment is rapidly succeeded  
by the broadest humour:—

' He enter'd in the house no more his home,  
A thing to human feelings the most trying,  
And harder for the heart to overcome,  
Perhaps, than even the mental pangs of dy-  
ing;

To find our hearthstone turn'd into a tomb,  
And round its once warm precincts palely  
lying

The ashes of our hopes, is a deep grief,  
Beyond a single gentleman's belief.

' He enter'd in the house—his home no more,  
For without hearts there is no home;—and  
felt

The solitude of passing his own door  
Without a welcome; there he long had  
dwelt,

There his few peaceful days Time had swept  
o'er,

There his worn bosom and keen eye would  
melt

Over the innocence of that sweet child,  
His only shrine of feelings undefiled.'

' But whatso'er he had of love reposed  
On that beloved daughter; she had been  
The only thing which kept his heart unclosed  
Amidst the savage deeds he had done and  
seen;

A lonely pure affection unopposed:

There wanted but the loss of this to wean  
His feelings from all milk of human kindness,  
And turn him like the Cyclops mad with  
blindness.

' The cubless tigress in her jungle raging  
Is dreadful to the shepherd and the flock;  
The ocean, when its yeasty war is waging,  
Is awful to the vessel near the rock;  
But violent things will sooner bear assuaging,  
Their fury being spent by its own shock,  
Than the stern, single, deep, and wordless ire  
Of a strong human heart, and in a sire.

' It is a hard, although a common case,  
To find our children running restive—they  
In whom our brightest days we would retrace,  
Our little selves re-form'd in finer clay;  
Just as old age is creeping on apace,  
And clouds come o'er the sunset of our day,  
They kindly leave us, though not quite alone,  
But in good company—the gout and stone.

' Yet a fine family is a fine thing  
(Provided they don't come in after dinner);  
'Tis beautiful to see a matron bring  
Her children up (if nursing them don't thin  
her);

Like cherubs round an altar-piece they cling  
To the fire-side (a sight to touch a sinner).  
A lady with her daughters or her neices  
Shine like a guinea and seven shilling pieces.'

After an account of the rooms and  
the banquet of a hundred dishes, we  
have the following description of Hai-  
dée:—

' Her hair's long auburn waves down to her  
heel

Flow'd like an Alpine torrent which the sun  
Dyes with his morning light,—and would con-  
ceal

Her person \*, if allow'd at large to run,  
And still they seem resentfully to feel  
The silken fillet's curb, and sought to shun  
Their bonds when'er some Zephyr caught be-  
gan

To offer his young pinion as her fan.

' Round her she made an atmosphere of life;  
The very air seem'd lighter from her eyes,  
They were so soft and beautiful, and rife  
With all we can imagine of the skies,  
And pure as Psyche ere she grew a wife—  
Too pure even for the purest human ties;  
Her overpowering presence made you feel  
It would not be idolatry to kneel.

' Her eyelashes, though dark as night, were  
tinged

(It is the country's custom), but in vain;  
For those large black eyes were so blackly  
fringed,

The glossy rebels mock'd the jetty stain,  
And in their native beauty stood avenged:  
Her nails were touch'd with henna; but  
again

The power of art was turn'd to nothing, for  
They could not look more rosy than before.

' The henna should be deeply *died* to make  
The skin relieved appear more fairly fair;  
She had no need of this, day ne'er will break  
On mountain tops more heavenly white than  
her:

The eye might doubt if it were well awake,  
She was so like a vision; I might err,  
But Shakspeare also says 'tis very silly  
'To gild refined gold or paint the lily.'

The establishment of Don Juan was  
complete: he had in his suite, dwarfs,  
dancing-girls, and a poet; the last was  
a trimmer, who—

' — Lied with such a fervour of intention—  
There was no doubt he earn'd his laureate pen-  
sion.'

Being called upon, he sung the fol-  
lowing hymn, which contains some spi-  
rited reflections on the past and present  
state of Greece:—

' The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!

Where burning Sappho loved and sung,  
Where grew the arts of war and peace,—  
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!

Eternal summer gilds them yet,  
But all, except their sun, is set.

' The Scian and the Teian muse,  
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,

\* The poet, in a note, says, he has seen four  
women who had their hair in such profusion.

Have found the fame your shores refuse;  
Their place of birth alone is mute  
To sounds which echo further west  
Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest."

' The mountains look on Marathon—  
And Marathon looks on the sea;  
And musing there an hour alone,  
I dream'd that Greece might still be free;  
For standing on the Persian's grave,  
I could not deem myself a slave.

' A king sate on the rocky brow  
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;  
And ships, by thousands, lay below,  
And men in nations;—all were his!  
He counted them at break of day—  
And when the sun set where were they?

' And where are they? and where art thou,  
My country? On thy voiceless shore  
The heroic lay is tuneless now—  
The heroic bosom beats no more!  
And must thy lyre, so long divine,  
Degenerate into hands like mine?

' 'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,  
Though link'd among a fetter'd race,  
To feel at least a patriot's shame,  
Even as I sing, suffuse my face;  
For what is left the poet here?  
For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

' Must we but weep o'er days more blest?  
Muse we but blush?—Our fathers bled.  
Earth! render back from out thy breast  
A remnant of our Spartan dead!  
Of the three hundred grant but three,  
To make a new Thermopylæ!

' What, silent still? and silent all?  
Ah! no;—the voices of the dead  
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,  
And answer, "let one living head,  
But one arise,—we come, we come!"  
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

' In vain—in vain: strike other chords;  
Fill high the cup with Samian wine!  
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,  
And shed the blood of Scio's vine!  
Hark! rising to the ignoble call—  
How answers each bold bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,  
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?  
Of two such lessons, why forget  
The nobler and the manlier one?  
You have the letters Cadmus gave—  
Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!  
We will not think of themes like these!  
It made Anacreon's song divine:  
He served—but served Polycrates—  
A tyrant; but our masters then  
Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese  
Was freedom's best and bravest friend;  
That tyrant was Miltiades!

Oh! that the present hour would lend  
Another despot of the kind!  
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!  
On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,  
Exists the remnant of a line  
Such as the Doric mothers bore;  
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,  
The Heracleidan blood might own.

' Trust not for freedom to the Franks—  
They have a king who buys and sells;  
In native swords, and native ranks,  
The only hope of courage dwells;  
But Turkish force and Latin fraud  
Would break your shield, however broad.



Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!  
Our virgins dance beneath the shade—  
I see their glorious black eyes shine;  
But gazing on each glowing maid,  
My own the burning tear-drop laves,  
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,  
Where nothing, save the waves and I  
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;  
There, swan-like, let me sing and die:  
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—  
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

After some observations on the chance which often gives immortality to men, and the trifling of biographers who record silly incidents,—

As most essential to their hero's story,  
They do not much contribute to their glory;

Our author has the following severe remarks on two poets of some celebrity:—

All are not moralists, like Southey, when  
He prated to the world of "Pantisocracy;"  
Or Wordsworth unexcised, unhired, who then  
Season'd his pedlar poems with democracy;  
Or Coleridge, long before his flighty pen  
Let to the Morning Post his aristocracy;  
When he and Southey, following the same path,  
Espous'd two partners (milliners of Bath.)

Such names at present cut a convict figure,  
The very Botany Bay in moral geography;  
Their loyal treason, renegado vigour,  
Are good manure for their more bare biography.

Wordsworth's last quarto, by the way, is bigger  
Than any since the birth-day of typography;  
A clumsy frowzy poem, called the "Excursion,"  
Writ in a manner which is my aversion.

He there builds up a formidable dyke  
Between his own and others' intellect;  
But Wordsworth's poems and his followers,  
like

Joanna Southcote's Shiloh, and her sect,  
Are things which in this century don't strike  
The public mind, so few are the elect;  
And the new births of both their stale virginities  
Have proved but dropsies, taken for divinities.\*

We learn from Horace, Homer sometimes  
sleeps?

We feel without him: Wordsworth some-  
times wakes,  
To show with what complacency he creeps,  
With his dear "Waggoners," around his  
lakes;

He wishes for "a boat" to sail the deeps—  
Of ocean?—No, of air; and then he makes  
Another outcry for "a little boat,"  
And drivels seas to set it well afloat.

If he must fain sweep o'er the etherial plain,  
And Pegasus runs restive in his "waggon,"  
Could he not beg the loan of Charles's Wain?  
Or pray Medea for a single dragon?

Or if too classic for his vulgar brain,  
He fear'd his neck to venture such a nag on,  
And he must needs mount nearer to the moon,  
Could not the blockhead ask for a balloon?

"Pedlars," and "boats," and "waggons!"  
Oh! ye shades  
Of Pope and Dryden, are we come to this?  
That trash of such sort not alone evades  
Contempt, but from the bathos' vast abyss  
Floats scum-like, uppermost, and these Jack  
Cades

Of sense and song above your graves may  
hiss—

The "little boatman" and his "Peter Bell"  
Can sneer at him who drew "Achitophel!"

The poet, amidst numberless digres-  
sions, devotes one stanza to the vindica-  
tion of himself from the charge of  
wanting religion:—

Some kinder casuists are pleased to say,  
In nameless print—that I have no devotion;  
But set those persons down with me to pray,  
And you shall see who has the properest no-  
tion

Of getting into heaven the shortest way;  
My altars are the mountains and the ocean,  
Earth, air, stars,—all that spring from the great  
Whole

Who hath produced, and will receive the soul.

He also alludes to the same sub-  
ject in the fourth canto, when he says,—

Some have accused me of a strange design  
Against the creed and morals of the land,  
And trace it in this poem every line:  
I don't pretend that I quite understand  
My own meaning when I would be very fine;  
But the fact is that I have nothing plann'd,  
Unless it was to be a moment merry,—  
A novel word in my vocabulary.

The third canto, it will be seen, con-  
tains little of the narrative of Don  
Juan; but in the fourth the author en-  
ters more largely on the subject. The  
happiness of the youthful pair appears  
complete:—

They were alone once more; for them to be  
Thus was another Eden; they were never  
Weary, unless when separate: the tree  
Cut from its forest root of years—the river  
Damm'd from its fountain—the child from the  
knee

And breast maternal, wean'd at once for ever,  
Would wither less than these two torn apart;  
Alas! there is no instinct like the heart.

Their happiness was, however, of  
short duration, for Lambro returned,  
and while the disturbed sleep and  
frightful dream of Haidée foreboded  
ill, he entered their apartment, and  
being seconded by a number of his  
men, after a stout resistance from Don  
Juan, they bore away his Haidée, and  
made him captive; he was placed in a  
boat, and carried to some galliots,—

On board one of these, and under hatches,  
They stowed him, with strict orders to the  
watches.

The fate of Haidée was still more  
melancholy; she, on being torn from  
Don Juan, and seeing him cut down,  
with a convulsive groan broke a blood  
vessel, and refusing all medical aid,—

Twelve days and nights she wither'd thus; at  
last,

Without a groan, or sigh, or glance, to show  
A parting pang, the spirit from her past:  
And they who watch'd her nearest could not  
know

The very instant, till the change that cast  
Her sweet face into shadow, dull and slow,  
Glazed o'er her eyes—the beautiful, the black;  
Oh! to possess such lustre—and then lack

She died, but not alone; she held within  
A second principle of life, which might  
Have dawn'd a fair and sinless child of sin;  
But closed its little being without light,  
And went down to the grave unborn, wherein  
Blossom and bough lie withered in one  
blight;

In vain the dews of heaven descend above  
The bleeding flower and blasted fruit of love.

Thus lived—thus died she; never more on her  
Shall sorrow light, or shame. She was not  
made

Through years or moons the inner weight to  
bear,

Which colder hearts endure till they are laid  
By age in earth; her days and pleasures were  
Brief, but delightful—such as had not staid  
Long with her destiny; but she sleeps well  
By the sea shore, whereon she lov'd to dwell.

The conclusion of the loves of Don  
Juan and Haidée affording us a good  
opportunity for breaking off, we shall  
defer all further extract and remark  
for the present.

(To be concluded in our next.)

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Curious, and Valuable Books.* By  
William Davis. 8vo. pp. 96.  
London, 1821.

We have coupled the two productions  
of Mr. Davis together, though pub-  
lished at somewhat distant periods, as  
they relate to the same subject, and  
are intimately connected with each  
other. We confess ourselves rather  
partial to the study of bibliography,  
and should have been much more so had  
we not been disgusted with the ridicu-  
lous excess to which it has been carried,  
by those who have written most on the  
subject. We should wish not only to  
be acquainted with every curious and  
interesting book, but also with every  
curious incident or circumstance con-  
nected with early English literature;  
but we would never seek to extend our  
researches to the minutiae of biblioma-  
nia; we want not to perpetuate the  
wood-engravings of a halfpenny ballad  
of the seventeenth century, nor should  
we prefer an old book on account of its  
literal errors; and yet these are the tri-  
fles on which bibliomaniacs dwell.

We have been informed by a literary  
friend, that a gentleman of good for-  
tune is now purchasing copies of all  
the obscure and still-born productions  
of the present day, in order that, a cen-  
tury or two hence, his descendants may



possess a library of rarities which the world never thought worth preserving. We would suggest to this gentleman, in order to render his prospective library *unique*, that he should secure the proof-sheets of each work, and, according to the principle on which bibliomaniacs go, his library would be rendered much more valuable; but this is supposing that our descendants will be as foolish as ourselves in this respect, which it is scarcely fair to presume will be the case. What, we would ask, would the proof-sheets of the first edition of Shakespeare's plays produce at the present day? What a theme would such a work afford for the eloquence of Mr. Evans? Why! Mr. Dibdin would write a ten-guinea work on the subject, or, perhaps, have a *fac-simile* made of the whole, while the members of the Roxburgh club would mortgage their acres or sell their family plate to possess the treasure.

But to leave bibliomania, and turn to Mr. Davis, who is not a bibliomaniac, but a very intelligent gentleman, who has a pretty extensive acquaintance with rare books, and good taste enough to point out what is really curious and interesting:—we have read his little unassuming volumes with much pleasure, and we feel happy in making them more extensively known, through the means of our journal. From the extracts which we shall make, our readers will perceive that the author has blended literary information with bibliographical amusement, in a very pleasing and instructive manner; but to our extracts, and first from the 'Olio':—

'*Errata*.—Beneath the word *finis*, at the end of some very stupid book, a wit added the following pointed couplet:—

"Finis! an error, or a lie, my friend!  
In writing foolish books there is no end."

'Scarron composed some verses, to which he prefixed the following dedication: *A Guillemette, chienne de ma sœur*; but having a quarrel with his sister, he inserted this among the errata, and added, for *chienne de ma sœur*, read *ma chienne de sœur*.'

From a very interesting notice of Sterne and his valet, La Fleur, we select the following:—

'*Poor Maria* was, alas! no fiction—"when we came up to her, she was grovelling in the road like an infant, and throwing the dust upon her head—and yet few were more lovely! Upon Sterne's accosting her with tenderness, and raising her in his arms, she collected herself and resumed some composure—told him her tale of misery and wept upon his breast—my master sobbed aloud. I saw her gen-

tly disengage herself from his arms, and she sung him the service to the Virgin; my poor master covered his face with his hands, and walked by her side to the cottage where she lived,—there he talked earnestly to the old woman."

"Every day," said La Fleur, "while we stayed there, I carried them meat and drink from the hotel, and when we departed from Moulins, my master left his blessings and some money with the mother."—"How much," added he, "I know not—he always gave more than he could afford."

'*Stevens* (George Alexander) *Lecture on Heads*.—A country mechanic furnished Stevens with the first idea of his lecture; being at a village where he was manager of a company of players, the force and humour with which he heard this countryman describe the members of the corporation, impressed so strongly on his mind the practicability of rendering something of the sort subservient to theatric purposes, that he immediately set about it. When finished, the lecture met with unexampled success, and in the course of a few years produced the author near 10,000l. Stevens is said to have been the first instance that can be produced of the same person, who, by his writing and reciting, could entertain an audience for a continued space of four hours; he died in 1734, at Biggleswade, in Bedfordshire, it is believed, in not very affluent circumstances.

'*Philidor on Chess*.—It is not, I believe, generally known that this author's real name was *André Danican*; he was a native of Drieux, near Paris: Philidor was a *sobriquet* or nick-name, given him by the King of France, after an Italian musician of that name. He was near seventy years of age at his death, and so remarkable for his skill in the difficult game of chess, that about two months before he died, he played two games blindfold, at the same time, against two excellent chess-players, and was declared the victor.'

'*Milton's Paradise Lost*.—Milton experienced some difficulty in getting his poem of *Paradise Lost* licensed, the licensor imagining that, in the noble simile of the sun in an eclipse, he had discovered treason. It was, however, licensed, and Milton sold his MS. to Samuel Simmons, April 27th, 1667, for an immediate payment of five pounds, with a proviso, that on thirteen hundred copies being sold, he was to receive five pounds more; and the same for the second and third editions.

'The first edition appeared in 1667, in ten books, small quarto, advertised at 3s. plainly bound; but as it met with no very quick sale, the titles were varied, in order to promote its circulation—thus the edition of 1667, is frequently found with the titles of 1668 and 1669.

'In two years, the sale of the poem gave the poet a right to his second payment, the receipt for which was signed April 26th, 1669.

'The second edition was printed in 8vo. 1674, but the author did not live to receive the stipulated payment. The third edition was published in 1678. The copy-right then devolving to Milton's widow, she agreed with Simmons to receive eight pounds for it; this agreement was concluded, and the receipt signed December 21st, 1680. Simmons transferred the right for twenty-five pounds, to a bookseller named Brabazon Aylmer, and Aylmer sold half to Jacob Tonson, August 17th, 1683, and the other half at a price considerably advanced, March 24th, 1690.

'Dr. Bentley, for his edition of Milton, in 1732, received one hundred and five pounds, and Dr. Newton, for editing the *Paradise Lost*, received six hundred and thirty pounds, and for *Paradise Regained*, one hundred and five pounds.'

'*Littleton's (Adam) Latine Dictionary*. Quarto. London, 1678 and 1684.

When the doctor was compiling his dictionary, and announced the word *concurro* to his amanuensis, the scribe imagining from an affinity of sound, that the six first letters would give the translation of the verb, said, "Concur I suppose, Sir," to which the doctor peevishly replied, "*Concur!—Condog!*"—The secretary, whose business it was to write down what his master dictated, according, did his duty, and the word *condog* was inserted, and actually printed as one interpretation of "*concurro*," in the edition of 1678, but omitted in the subsequent one of 1684.'

'*Robinson Crusoe*.—The fascination of this extraordinary work is not limited to the juvenile reader. Mr. Tawney, a respectable alderman of Oxford, used to read Robinson Crusoe through every year with great delight, and thought every part of it as much matter of fact as his Bible. A friend at last asked him, how he could be such a child as to credit a story so marvellous. "The original Crusoe," added he, "was Alexander Selkirk; and Daniel Defoe, an ingenious author, embellished the plain story of his shipwreck upon the island of Juan Fernandez, with almost all the adventures and remarks you so much admire."—"Your information," said the alderman with a sigh, "may be correct, but I had rather you had withheld it, for by thus undeceiving me, you have deprived me of one of the greatest pleasures of my old age."

Thus far the 'Olio'; we now turn to the 'Journey,' which is the more valuable work of the two; the notices are more rare, and although there are one or two trifling errors respecting the Hudibrastic quotation\*, and the date of Joe Miller's Jests, yet the author is generally correct:—

'*A Ryghte Delectable Traytise upon a Goodly Garlande, or Chaplet of Laurell, by Maister Skelton, Poet Laureate.*

\* See *Literary Chronicle*, No. 115.



4to. bl. lett. Imprinted by Richard Faukes. 1523.

Bought at the Pearson sale, 1788, for 7l. 17s. 6d. it is now in the King's collection, and presumed to be unique.

'This rare volume, one of the scarcest in the English language, has the author's portrait at full-length on the back of the title, with a branch of laurel in his hand.

'Skelton, who was Poet Laureate to Oxford University, and tutor to Prince Henry, afterwards Henry VIII. was a determined enemy to Cardinal Wolsey; his remarkable boldness, in singly daring, in his poetical character, to attack the cardinal's imperious manner at the council board, is shewn as a remarkable coincidence by Neve, in his *Cursory Remarks on English Poets*. The fifteenth article of the charges against the cardinal, by the parliament of 1529, being precisely the same, only divested of rhyme:—

"Then in the Chamber of Stars,  
All matters there he mars;  
Clapping his rod on the board,  
No man dare speak a word;  
For he hath all the saying,  
Without any renaying.  
He rolleth in his records,  
He sayeth, how say ye, my lords,  
Is not my reason good?  
Good even, good Robin Hood.  
Some say yes, and some  
Sit still, as they were dumb."

'*Shakspeare's (W.) Comedies, Histories, Tragedies, &c.* Imprinted by Is. Jagard and E. Blount. 1623. First Edition. Folio.

Daly, 1792.....	£30	14	3
Heathcote (title wanting) ..	37	16	0
S. Ireland, 1801....	14	14	0
Duke of Roxburghe.....	100	0	0
Sebright, 1807, (title wanting) .....	30	10	0
Stanley, 1813, (title reprint)	37	17	0
Sir P. Thomson, 1815 .....	41	0	0
Saunders's sale-room, Feb. 1818, a fine original copy of the first edition, in a genuine state.....	121	16	0

'The condition of so rare a book as the first edition of Shakspeare, is a matter of no little importance to the lover of fine-conditioned and really important books; the apparent difference in the prices for which the various copies before enumerated have sold, may, therefore, readily be accounted for.

'The second edition. Folio. 1632.

'Third edition. Folio. 1664.

'Fourth edition. Folio. 1685.

'The third edition is the most valuable of these editions, and a good copy nearly as valuable as the first edition.

'Of the second edition, in folio, 1632, I find it recorded in Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, that it is adulterated in every page.

'Some curious particulars respecting the various sums paid to the different editors of Shakspeare, may be found in the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

'The most considerable appear to be—

Alexander Pope.....	£217	12	0
Theobald.....	652	10	0

Warburton.....	500	0	0
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Capell.....	300	0	0
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Dr. Johnson, for the 1st edit.	375	0	0
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————— 2nd edit.	100	0	0
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'Of Johnson and Steeven's fourth edit. 15 vols. 8vo. 1793, large paper, on which paper only twenty-five were printed, one sold at Reed's for 29l.; and a copy at Mr. Strettell's, in 1820, for 10l. 5s. Ritson, 1803, 14l. 10s. Bindley, 21l.

'The portrait of Shakspeare, by M. Droeshout, frontispiece to the title of the first folio edition of Shakspeare, served for all the four folio editions; good or first impressions of this portrait are valued, by judges, at about 5l. 5s. whilst inferior ones are scarcely worth one guinea, as the lines have been crossed over the face, in order to give strength to the impression; and Mr. Caulfield, a competent authority in these matters, says, the only way to discover the genuine state is, by observing the shading in the face to be expressed by single lines, without any crossing whatever.

'Of Shakspeare it has been well and truly said,—

"Each change of many-coloured life he drew,  
Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new;  
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,  
And panting time toil'd after him in vain."

'I may, perhaps, be excused for alluding to a projected guide or classed index, to refresh the recollection of the admirers of Shakspeare, since the intended publication is entirely abandoned. I had taken the index to the Dublin edition, printed by Grierson, which had been collated with the original folio and quarto editions as my ground-work, and had re-arranged and revised it under the following heads: Section 1. Characters of Historical Persons. Section 2. Index of Manners, Passions, and their external Effects. Section 3. Of Fictitious Persons, with the characters ascribed to them. Section 4. Index of Thoughts and Sentiments. 5. Table of the most considerable Speeches. Section 6,—part 1. Description of Places. Part 2. Description of Persons. Part 3. Description of things, and Description of Times and Seasons; and, lastly, an Index of Similes and Allusions.

'I had afterwards to consider how I was to manage that this Index might be rendered generally available, and what edition to select for the purpose of reference, when I stumbled upon the following passage in Dr. Samuel Johnson's preface to his edition of Shakspeare, page 29, vol. 1, 8vo. London, 1765, which completely set aside all my air-drawn schemes on the subject, and I do not regret to say, caused me not only to alter my plan, but finally to abandon it altogether.

"It was said of Euripides, that every verse was a precept; and it may be said of Shakspeare, that from his works may be collected a system of civil and economical prudence. Yet his real power is not shown in the splendour of particular passages, but by the progress of the fable, and the tenour of his dialogue; and he

that tries to recommend him by select quotations, will succeed like the Pedant in *Hierocles*, who, when he offered his house to sale, carried a brick in his pocket as a specimen."

It might seem great presumption to differ from so high an authority as Dr. Johnson, yet we think no one who has read Dr. Dodd's *Beauties of Shakspeare*, or any similar collection from his works, will deny that his power 'is shown in the splendour of particular passages,' or that he may be recommended by 'select quotations;' and we regret that Mr. Davis has been dissuaded from a project of such great utility and importance, as the guided or classed index to the works of our immortal dramatist:—

'*Hudibras Poème, trad. de l'Anglois, en Vers Francois.* 3 vols. 12mo. Lond. 1750.

The author of this translation of the poem of *Hudibras*, was a man of superior abilities, and appears to have been endowed with an uncommon share of modesty. He presents his work to the public with the utmost diffidence; and, in a short preface, humbly deprecates its censure for the presumption that may be imputed to him, in attempting that which the celebrated Voltaire had declared to be the most difficult of tasks.

'Yet, this task he has executed in a very masterly manner; and, almost literally transfused his original into the French version, clearly evincing, (according to the opinion of A. F. Tytler, in his *Essay on Translation*,) that he possessed that essential requisite for his undertaking, —a kindred genius with that of his great original.

'This translation was made by Colonel Francis Townley, an English gentleman, who had been educated in France, and long in the French service, and who had acquired a most intimate knowledge of both languages. And is the same person who suffered death at Carlisle, for his concern in the rebellion, 1745-46, and who pleaded in vain his commission from the French king, as entitling him to the benefits of the cartel settled with France for the exchange of prisoners of war.

'At Duten's sale, 1813, a copy of this book sold for 6l. 12s.; and at Mr. Bindley's for 5l. 5s.

'*King Charles the First's Works.*—In the year 1677, the Parliament voted two months' tax, for the more decent interment of the body of the unfortunate Charles; and to raise a monument to his memory. Mr. Chiswell, son-in-law to Royston, then printer to the King, proposed a plan to supersede the necessity of a monument, which was, that part of the sum voted should be applied to the purpose of printing a new edition of Charles's works, a copy of which was to be fixed with a chain to every parish church in the kingdom; this plan was approved of



by many, and Charles II. himself encouraged it; but the distrusts between the King and people, the heats in Parliament, and the Popish Plot, prevented the execution of it. On the Duke of York mounting the throne, Mr. Chiswell applied to Sir Roger L'Estrange to procure King James's commendatory letter; this request the King refused, stating as a reason for his refusal, that he did not believe "Icon Basiliké" to be his father's production; Chiswell, on being informed of this, said, that omitting "Icon Basiliké" would render the works imperfect, and, therefore, proposed printing it at the end of the works, as a sort of addenda after the finis; this the King consented to, on condition that some expressions which he thought injurious to the monarchy might be expunged; but Chiswell objecting to this, it was at last agreed, that the objectionable parts should be inclosed within crotchets; and thus "Icon Basiliké" stands at the end of the second part of the King's works, folio, 1686.

'In the Archiepiscopal Library at Lambeth Palace, is a copy with dashes of the pen through the monarch's prayers, as well as through every passage respecting the advancement of the Protestant religion.

'A manuscript note at the beginning, by Zach. Craddock, and dated November 1st, 1678, accounts for the numerous expurgations as follows:—

"This book, being seized on board an English ship, was delivered, by order of the Inquisition of Lisbon, to some of the English priests, to be perused and corrected according to the rules of the *Index Expurgatorius*. Thus corrected, it was given to Barnaby Crafford, English merchant there, and by him it was given to me, the English preacher resident there, in 1670; and by me, as I then received it, to the library at Lambeth, to be there preserved."

Mr. Davis, we understand, has limited his publication to two hundred and fifty copies; and this number would, no doubt, be enough for the ordinarily expensive works on bibliography, but certainly by no means sufficient for productions so cheap, interesting, and popular, as his *Olio* and *Journey*, and we not only look forward to new editions being rapidly called for, but we hope the author will continue a pursuit which he proves he is so well calculated to prosecute.

*Travels in Georgia, Persia, &c. &c.*  
By Sir Robert Ker Porter.

(Concluded from p. 442.)

IN returning to this bulky volume, which is one of the most interesting publications of the day, we shall not extend our extracts much further, but conclude with a description of the Palace of Ispahan, and an anecdote of a

prime minister, which, however, is but a trivial addition to a very old story related of Cardinal Richelieu, and half-a-dozen other prime ministers of as many different countries:—

'The *Chehel Setoon*, or Palace of Forty Pillars, was the favourite residence of the latter Sefi kings; and certainly, when we turned into the grand avenue, and the palace broke upon us, I thought description was put to silence. Indeed, words can seldom give any thing like a just idea of the very intricate objects of sight; but, for the satisfaction of my readers, curious in comparing the taste of times and countries, I shall attempt some detail of this Persian Versailles. The exhaustless profusion of its splendid material, reflected, not merely their own golden or crystal lights on each other, but all the variegated colours of the garden; so that the whole surface seemed formed of polished silver and mother-of-pearl, set with precious stones. In short, as I said before, the scene might well have appeared in an eastern poet's dream, or some magic vision, in the wonderful tales of an Arabian night.

'When we drew near, I found the entire front of the building open to the garden; the roof being sustained by a double range of columns, the height of which measured eleven Persian yards, (a Persian yard being forty-four inches), hence they rose upwards of forty feet. Each column shoots up from the united backs of four lions, of white marble; and the shafts of the columns rising from these extraordinary bases, were covered with the arabesque patterns and foliages, in looking-glass, gilding, and painting; some twisting spirally; others winding in golden wreaths, or running into lozenges, stars, connecting circles, and I know not what intricacies of fancy and ingenious workmanship. The ceiling was equally irised, with flowers, fruits, birds, butterflies, and even couching tigers, in gold, silver, and painting, amidst hundreds of intermingling compartments of glittering mirror. At some distance, within this open chamber, are two more pillars of similar taste to the range; and from their capital springs a spacious arch, forming the entrance to a vast interior saloon; in which all the caprices and labours and cost of eastern magnificence, have been lavished to an incredible prodigality. The pillars, the walls, the ceiling, might be a study for ages, for designers in these gorgeous labyrinthine ornaments. The floors of both apartments were covered with the richest carpets of the era in which the building was constructed, the age of Shah Abbas, and were as fresh as if just laid down; there needs no other proof of the purity of the climate. From one angle of the interior chamber, two low folding-doors opened into a very spacious and lofty hall, the sides of which were hung with pictures of various dimensions, most of them descriptive of convivial scenes; and the doors, and pannels of the room near the

floor, being also emblazoned with the same merry-making subjects, fully declared the purpose of the place. But a very odd addition was made to the ornaments of the wall. Little recesses spotted its lower range, taking the shapes of bottles, flaggons, goblets, and other useful vessels, all equally indispensable, in those days, at a Persian feast. Very different from the temperance which now presides there; and how directly the reverse of the abstemiousness and its effects, that marked the board of the great Cyrus!

'Six pictures of a very large size, occupy the walls of this banquetting-chamber, from the ceiling to within eight or ten feet of the floor. Four of these represent royal entertainments, given to different ambassadors during the reigns of Shah Abbas the First, *alias* the Great; of his grandson, Abbas the Second; and of Shah Thamas, or Tamasp, as it is sometimes written. The two other pictures are battle pieces. Every one of these different subjects are portrayed with the most scrupulous exactness, as far as the still life could be copied. The golden vases, and other vessels in the banquetting scenes, with the musical instruments, and every detail in the dresses of the persons present, are painted with an almost Flemish precision. Wine (the peculiar bane of the Sefi race) appears the great vehicle of enjoyment at these feasts; an air of carouse being in all the figures, and the goblets disposed with the most anacreontic profusion. The guests are also entertained with a variety of dancing-girls, whose attitude and costumes sufficiently show the second vice of the times, and explain the countries whence they come.

'The warlike pictures are defined with equal nicety; the trappings of the horses, the arms of the heroes, and even to the blood-red wounds of the combatants. One of the battles represents the troops of the valiant Shah Tamasp the First, (the son of Shah Ismail, the beginner of the Sefi dynasty) engaging the troops of the Sultan Soliman. The Persian king is depicted in the act of cleaving a grim Janissary "from head to saddle-bow;" and the weapon having nearly reached the last point of its aim, the artist has marked its dreadful journey down the body of the man, with a long red streak, following the royal blade. But, nevertheless, the indivisible Turk continued to sit bolt upright, firm in his stirrups, and as life-like in visage, as the most conquering hero in the piece.

'Ridiculous as the execution of these pictures may be in some respects, they are invaluable as registers of the manners of the times, of the general aspect of the persons they are designed to commemorate, and of the costumes of the several nations assembled at the feasts, or engaged in the battles. Large turbans, full mustachios, and smooth-shaven chins, were then the fashion in Persia; which has now given place to the high, narrow, black cap of sheep-skin, and the long bushy beard;



the latter appendage having been a costume of the empire many centuries before.'

The anecdote relates to Mirza Sheffy, the prime minister of Persia:—

'His station near the sovereign gives him a kind of reflecting consequence, that makes a nod or a smile from him so full of a similar quality, that it may shed honour *ad infinitum* downwards; graduating dignity, according to its distance from the original fountain of favour. First one happy courtier, and then another, had received these marks of peculiar grace; and, in consequence, became the little centre of a temporary adulation from hundreds; many of whom envied the favour they sought to conciliate, even at second or third hand. Amongst the latter order of suitors was a rich, but otherwise inconsiderable individual, who had long attended Mirza Sheffy's levees, without having received the slightest notice; but chancing one day to find the minister alone for a few moments, he seized the opportunity, and thus addressed him:—

"I have had the honour of placing myself, for these many months back, in your excellency's sight, in the midst of your crowded halls, and yet have never had the happiness of receiving a single glance. But if your excellency would condescend, in the next assembly of your visitors, to *rise a little* on my entrance, such a distinction would be the height of my ambition; I should henceforth be held of consequence in the eyes of the khans. And for this honour I would give your excellency a consideration of one hundred tomanus."

'It was an argument his excellency liked so well, he closed with the proposal, and the time for the solemn investing-dignity was arranged for the next day. The happy man took care not to make his appearance till the divan of the minister was pretty well filled. He then presented himself on the most conspicuous part of the carpet, big with ideas of the ever-growing honours of which that moment was to make him master. He looked proudly round on the rest of the khans, while Mirza Sheffy, half raising himself from his seat by his knuckles, and fixing his eyes gravely on him, to the no small astonishment of the rest of the company, exclaimed, "Is that enough?" The man was so overcome with confusion, he hurried from the room; leaving his distinction and his money alike with the minister; but taking with him the useful lesson, that bought honours are generally paid with disgrace. The laugh for once went without doubt of sincerity, with the great man; and his smiles became of still higher value, since it had been proved that he set them above price.'

The numerous engravings from the pencil of the author, with which this volume is enriched, considerably enhance its value, as they are illustrative of the costume, antiquities, &c. of the

interesting countries through which he travelled.

### Italy and the Italians in the Nineteenth Century.

(Continued from p. 481.)

WE left our traveller, last week, climbing the mountains of Savoy, and we now find him comfortably situated at Turin, the least noticed of all the Italian capitals by travellers generally, though the best-built city in the country. The streets are broad and straight, and the two principal squares magnificent. The situation of Turin is extremely pleasant, and the landscape round it bold and varied:—

'The city is built on the left or western bank of the Po, in a beautiful plain, bounded on the north and west by the Alps, at the distance of fifteen or twenty miles; to the south it opens into the fertile province of Saluzzo, and to the east, the view is agreeably terminated by a range of hills rising immediately from the right bank of the Po, and which afford, during the summer, a pleasant retreat in their verdant groves and well-cultivated gardens. As soon as you pass the bridge, you ascend to the church and convent of La Madonna del Monte, and from the terrace in front of it, you see to the greatest advantage the whole amphitheatre I have mentioned. The city of Turin is laid before you as on a map; it is small, but elegant and neat, and the country around is well cultivated; you trace the course of that noble river the Po, which takes its source from the glaciers of Mont Viso, the highest and boldest peak of the chain which divides Piedmont from Dauphiné; then turning to the north, the sight is bewildered in that formidable mass of Alps that divides Switzerland from Italy. You easily distinguish the hoary summits of Monte Rosa, the highest mountain in Europe next to Mont Blanc, rising proudly above the rest. It is a scene indeed worthy of admiration; such a variety of yellow plains, green hills, dark woody mountains, and white icy peaks: you follow nature through all her gradations from the banks of the Po to inaccessible regions beyond the clouds, from the heart of genial summer to the depth of eternal death-like winter; here are seen united the wild boldness of the Swiss, with the softer feature of the Italian landscape, the whole enhanced by a warm sun and brilliant sky. The sight of this magnificent panorama puts me in mind of a circumstance which happened here a few years ago, when the French ruled this country. A general of that nation, accompanied by his valet de chambre, the latter a true Parisian, arrived at Turin in the dead of night, and went to lodge with a friend who resided on the hill beyond the Po. Next morning La Fleur gets up, throws open the windows of the apartment, rubs his eyes, and sees before him the plain of Turin, the city,

the Po, and the alps, *C'est beau! cela ressemble au Parc de l'Empereur*, cries out the astonished Frenchman, intending a compliment to the lovely and sublime country spread before his eyes.'

'Living at Turin is remarkably cheap, and provisions of all kinds are good. Their beef is the best in Italy; milk, butter, and cheese, are excellent, which is to be attributed to the rich pastures that cover the lower regions of the Alps. The rivers and lakes furnish plenty of good fish, especially exquisite trouts and carps. Poultry and eggs are plentiful, as is also game of every sort. Vegetables grow in great abundance, in the well-watered gardens in the neighbourhood of Turin. The common wine is rather poor, but the vineyards of Monferrato and Asti furnish most generous wines, red and white, which are sold at Turin as cheap as common wine is at Paris. There are many good *restaurants* at Turin, where dinner is to be had *à la carte*; besides which there are *tables d'hôte* at the several inns. A custom prevalent here, is that of itinerant musicians coming into the room while the company is at dinner, who play and sing ballads and *canzoni* for a trifling remuneration: some of them sing in a good style, with much pathos, very superior to the *crialleries* of the French strolling musicians, whose songs, I have heard remarked by the Italians, always end in the tone of *ora pro nobis* in the litany.

'Lodgings at the inns are to be had at two francs per day; private apartments for about a louis d'or per month. One of the comforts in which Turin is superior to other Italian towns, is that every decent apartment has a fire-place. The floors are as in the rest of Italy, paved with square bricks, varnished red. There are a number of good coffee-houses, some very large, and where coffee, chocolate, and other refreshments may be had at very moderate prices.'

The festival of the Nativity of the Virgin is observed with great pomp at Turin; it is a real Italian holiday:—

'A little below the church, on a small flat, there is an inn, where the joyous peasantry repaired after their devotions to refresh themselves, and enjoy the rest of the day. Temporary sheds were placed round, under which all parties sat indiscriminately at table, eating and drinking, talking and laughing. Others were spread in groups about the neighbouring meadows, and were busied in cooking the victuals they had brought with them by a fire of branches and leaves hastily collected. Parties of strolling musicians went about, receiving as their fee a share of the collation. After their frugal repast, the junior part of the assembly collected themselves in various clusters, and began dancing their national monfredina, or rather monferratina (from *monferrato*), a lively kind of country dance. All this scene was so animated, so pastoral, and so full of innocent and genuine gaiety, that I felt its influence operating powerfully upon me.'



The conquests of the French in Italy were productive of some good consequences, as they revived in the Italians that taste for magnificent undertakings which the latter had shown in past ages, but which seemed, for many years, to have been slumbering in them. The present governments of Italy are encouraging this renewed disposition; the plans of the French are in course of being completed, and new ones of importance are formed. The King of Sardinia is constructing fine roads through different parts of his dominions; the King of Naples continues the excavations of Pompeii, and is improving the roads in the neighbourhood of his capital; and the Pope has restored, to almost their original magnificence, many of the remains of Roman architecture which adorn the city of the seven hills. Of the Italian peasantry, our author gives an interesting picture. He says,—

‘The Italian peasantry have in general shown every where a great dislike towards the French intruders; their ideas were unsophisticated by theories, and they reasoned upon facts; they had been for generations contented and quiet in their humble condition, acts of oppression were rare in the country, and they lived comfortably, particularly those of the north of Italy. They were attached to the religion of their fathers, the corruption of cities had made little progress among them, they were fond of their wives, and jealous of the honour of their daughters. But as soon as the French came, a most dreadful alteration took place. The generals and commissariats extorted money and provisions from the inhabitants, the soldiers seduced and ravished their wives and daughters, and they all joined in insulting their saints, their belief, and the ministers of their religion, and if any one dared to remonstrate, he was brought before a military commission, and shot on charge of disaffection and high treason against liberty. This is a short compendium of the behaviour of the republican armies in Italy; no wonder then, that the inhabitants revolted in many places and revenged themselves on their oppressors. Had they succeeded in driving them out of the country, their conduct, like that of the Spaniards, in later times, would have been called heroism; unfortunately they failed, and were looked upon as banditti. Carmagnola, a nice little town to the south of Turin, on the right bank of the Po, was taken and burnt by the French. Mondovi, a large place, situated farther south at the foot of the Ligurian Apennines, made a long resistance. The peasantry of the country around, a stout spirited race, rose, to the number of many thousands, and kept the French at bay for some time, but the jacobin party in the town who

were in correspondence with the enemy, contrived to distribute to the peasants cartridges made of adulterated powder, so, that when they came in contact with the enemy, their fire had no effect, and they were easily defeated and massacred as usual. The invaders then entered Mondovi, which they partly set on fire, plundering, ravaging, and murdering in every direction. There is still living one of the jacobin leaders, whose wife was the first victim of the fury of the French soldiery; she was shot while looking out of a window for her husband, who was coming along with them. After the massacre, these lawless ruffians, joined by all the abandoned characters, male and female, that collected to share the plunder, went to dance *pêlé mèle*, and committed all kinds of abominations in the sumptuous halls of the fugitive nobility, and this for honour of the goddess of reason.’

The description of Genoa presents us with an interesting extract:—

‘*Genoa la superba*, for this is the appropriate epithet which was given it in the time of its splendour, and which it still deserves on account of its stately buildings and commanding situation, stands partly on the declivity of several hills rising in a semicircle round the harbour, and partly on a narrow slip of ground between them and the sea. The harbour is in the form of a half moon, about a mile and a half in length; its entrance faces the south, and is protected in part by two moles running across from the opposite extremities, but leaving between them an open space of about half a mile, through which the sea rushes tremendously when the wind blows from that quarter. Vessels, however, can lie in security in that part of the harbour which is behind the old mole. They talk now of stretching the latter farther, over several sunken rocks, so as to approach nearer to the Molo Novo, behind which is the station for vessels performing quarantine. The city, seen from the lighthouse on entering the gates, presents a most magnificent *coup d’œil*. A succession of fine buildings, more than two miles in length, lines the shore. The loftiness and elegance of the houses in general; their painted walls and white roofs; the numerous palaces and gardens, churches and convents, rising one above the other, on the steep sides of the hills that rear, from behind, their dark and barren heads crowned with formidable ramparts, forts, and batteries; a noble harbour, where thousands of vessels might lie at anchor: the whole gives a grand idea of the former riches and power of this city, once the rival of Venice and the mistress of the Mediterranean.

‘As you proceed, you arrive at the inner line of fortifications, which divides the old city from the new. You pass the gate of San Tommaso, and arrive at the Piazza dell’Acqua Verde, whence that fine line of streets begins, which is the principal boast of Genoa. These three streets, Balbi, Novissima, and Nova, are

lined with two rows of splendid palaces, belonging to the nobility, among which, those of Durazzo, Balbi, Brignole, Lomellino, and Serra, are the most remarkable. The first of these has a valuable collection of fine paintings, to which strangers are always allowed free access, according to the truly liberal spirit of the Italian nobility. Servants are always stationed in the anti-rooms, ready to accompany the amateurs through the splendid suite of apartments which contains the treasures of the fine arts. The most remarkable painting in the Durazzo collection, is that of the Magdalen washing the feet of our Saviour, by Veronese, one of the best works of that great master. There are, in another room, three pieces by Luca Giordano, one of which represents the death of Seneca. The Palazzo Durazzo is really a residence fit for a sovereign—its front is very fine. There is another palace belonging to the same family, also in Strada Balbi, which is remarkable for its magnificent marble staircase, boldly suspended, as it were, in the air. This part of the architecture of Genoese palaces, is perhaps the most remarkable, and well deserves the attention of strangers. The Palazzo Serra, in Strada Nova, has a splendid saloon, rich with lapis-lazuli and gold: it is lined with mirrors, which reach from the ceiling to the floor, and which reflecting one another, multiply the objects *ad infinitum*, so that the spectator is at first apt to think himself in the middle of a long vista of rooms. The ceiling is finely painted to represent the triumph of a Genoese captain of this family over the Turks. I was told that the expense of this superb saloon amounted to a million of Genoese livres, about thirty-five thousand pounds sterling. When illuminated on great occasions, it must be almost too dazzling for the eye to bear.’

The Genoese sailors are the best in the Mediterranean, and are said to resemble the British tars more than any other; they are hardy, brave, and open-hearted, and our author relates a pleasing anecdote of one of them:—

‘During the heavy gales of last January, 1820, a Genoese *pinco*, (a vessel with lateen sails) Schiaffino, master, was wrecked on the Roman coast near Nettuno, a young sailor, native of Camogli, near Portofino, Riviera di Levante, in his repeated endeavours to save some English females who were passengers on board, lost his life, after having succeeded in bringing several of them to shore. The Sardinian government has given a pension to his relations.’

Finding that we must extend our notice of this highly interesting volume to another number, we shall conclude, for the present, with a portrait of the Genoese females:—

‘The Genoese women are among the handsomest of Italy; indeed, this city can



boast of a decided superiority with regard to female beauty. In no other place have I seen such a number of interesting countenances collected together as in the streets, churches, and places of public resort at Genoa. They have, in general, elegant figures, delicate complexions, dark hair and eyes, and pretty features, and their carriage is remarkably graceful. Their dress is also well calculated to set off their charms, it is simple and neat: a white muslin gown well fitted to the shape, and a white veil, called *pezzotto*, thrown tastefully over the head and shoulders, so as not to conceal, but to shade their contour, give them the appearance of so many Madonnas. This is the national dress common to all classes, only varying by the fineness and costliness of the materials. These women are remarkably clean in their persons, and superior in that to the other Italian females. Very few of them wear straw hats or bonnets; indeed, it is to be wished for the sake of beauty and taste, that they may never adopt foreign fashions which cannot suit them better than their own costume. Often have I admired in the streets of Genoa, countenances not inferior to the fine models of art left to us by the Greek sculptors, or to the enchanting productions of Raphael and Correggio. Often have they recalled to my memory—

“One of those forms which flit by us, when we  
Are young, and fix our eyes on every face;  
And oh! the loveliness at times we see  
In momentary glidings, the soft grace,  
The youth, the bloom, the beauty which agree  
In many a nameless being we retrace,  
Whose course and home we knew not, nor  
shall know,  
Like the lost Pleiad seen no more below.”

‘But, alas! there is no perfection in this world. If we approach nearer these terrestrial Venuses, if we enter into conversation with them, the charm fails; we find their minds uncultivated, their ideas narrow and common, and their hearts—but no! their hearts are naturally good, and it is the deficiency of their education and the influence of bad example that dry up or corrupt the finest feelings of these lovely creatures. Their mental faculties are neglected; while under the watchful eye of their parents or guardians, they are debarred from any rational intercourse, as if ignorance were the best guardian of virtue. Marriage is, at Genoa, a matter of calculation, perhaps more than any where else; it is generally settled between the relations, who often draw up the contract before the parties have seen one another, and it is only when every thing else is arranged, and a few days previous to the marriage ceremony that the future husband is introduced to his intended partner for life. Should he find fault with her figure or manners, he may break up the match, on condition of defraying the expenses incurred, &c. But this is seldom the case; the principal object, that of interest, being once settled, the bride follows the portion as a matter of

course, and is often scarcely minded. There are in this city marriage brokers, who have pocket-books filled with the names of the marriageable girls of the different classes, with notes descriptive of their figures and of their fortunes; these people go about endeavouring to arrange connections; if they succeed they get a commission of two or three per cent. upon the portion. The contents of their memorandums are often very curious.’

(To be concluded in our next.)

## Original Communications.

### ON METRICAL PROSE.

(FOR THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.)

IN my preceding paper, I compared the four species of literary language, viz, prose, metrical prose, blank verse, and rhyme, as to the possible excellence attainable in each of them, and gave the pre-eminence to the last; indeed, demonstrated its superiority to the three other species, as indubitably (unless my judgment be unusually perverted) as if my proof were in geometric diagram or analytic symbol. Let my reader, however, recollect, that in doing this, we have, as I said, considered language metaphysically and abstractedly, i. e. not as it is in our hands, but as it might be exercised by more powerful intellects.

But considering it practically, as it is really, and possible to be in the hands of infinite agents, I am inclined to assign measured prose as that species of language in which the greatest excellence is attainable. Some might think this sufficiently proved by the instance of the Bible, which, indeed, contains the most excellent language in our world of literature, and is also in measured prose. But it must be obvious that this argument would prove the converse only of the assertion, and not the assertion itself: it will not follow, that, because the best written book extant is in measured prose, therefore measured prose must be the language of the best written book; who can say but that there may be yet another revelation of God's will, and that in mere prose, which may as far transcend the present sacred volume in eloquence, as this does the homilies of the Archbishop of Grenada or the *excerpta* of a British plush-breech, a worthy lieutenant of St. Paul tolling out a scriptural which has drank largely of the poppy, to his somnolent congregation. This must be determined from other considerations, unless the argument be made use of in this way, viz. that the Bible being the work of God, must needs

have been clothed in supremest language—but this would prove too much, for, by what we have demonstrated in our last paper, it would then be necessarily written in rhyme; unless the prophets be supposed capable of overleaping their intellectual barriers by the inspiration of God, to foretell future events, but not overcome the difficulties of language. No, the true reason of the sacred scriptures being in this species of metrical is, that the language is not derived from heaven at all, the Bible being merely the spirit of God informing the words of men, and they chose metrical prose as the best species of composition extant among the Hebrews, and most consonant to the sublime promulgations they were about to publish, which explanation sufficiently accounts for the excellence of the language without going to Heaven for it; where our ideas are sublime our language will be so too. I would only observe, that so far as it goes, we have the opinion of the prophets, that metrical prose is superior to mere prose, or they would not have preferred it in their writings.

Indeed, I think, so far, the question of superiority is decided without any trouble; for, considered either metaphysically or practically, in the hands of a spirit or a human being, there can be but little doubt of the inferiority of mere prose to measured, though there might be some as to its inferiority to blank verse or rhyme: in fact, measured prose is mere prose, with the addition of musical cadence, which is a sensible pleasure added, and yet occasioning no difficulty in preserving the attributes of mere prose by its addition, as we see in those most argumentative and most euphonous speeches of Demosthenes and Cicero. The mathematics also of the orientals are in beautiful measured phrase, without detracting a particle from their profundity; and, if it yet be doubted of the power of uniting poetry and reasoning, look at the immortal Verulam!

Secondly, let us compare measured prose and rhyme in this practical view: I presume it will be granted me, that that species of language, in which the proportion of pleasurable qualities to difficulties in composition is greatest, should be most capable of excellence among us mortals, who are unable to overcome the latter in any considerable degree. But here, the difficulty of combining reasoning and the requisite symphony of final words in rhyme, renders this species of language, as I



may say, musical nonsense, generally speaking; for the writer has no choice of preponderating quality: he must make it musical or it is not rhyme, and it is scarcely musical unless it be nonsense; this follows as consequentially as villainy to the pre-reprobate, and damnation for his villainy.

But here, I am aware that your mathematician will require to be told the precise meanings of the two phrases, measured prose and mere prose, before he stirs a step in the argument, or will allow me to conclude any thing about them; and when I acknowledge my inability to do this, will cry out against the uncertainty and inconclusiveness of every thing but mathematics. He will ask me, what I mean by *measured*? where does metre begin and plain prose end? and if he should put a muster-roll to Handel's minuet, would it then be a metrical? then concludes by sending me a-peak to the mathematics for definitional accuracy.

Now I would beg leave to ask him, does he fatten in peace as to the infallibility of his own vocabulary and definitions? is his head so high in the clouds that he cannot see his feet are in a quagmire? and what would he think of being told that he knows as little of the meaning (i. e. such a meaning as he requires of me for the above phrases) of the rudiments of his own science, as Noah's pigeon did of divinity?

He defines a right line to be 'a line which lies evenly between its extremities,' and when I object to the vagueness of the word *evenly* (as he to *measured*) as a mere begging the question, there being no other meaning for evenly, that I know of, but straight or right, he consoles himself with the answer, that the word 'right' stands for a *simple* idea, and raises up his hands and eyes, blessing himself on the accuracy of his mathematical conceptions.

If then it be a simple idea, I beg leave to know how we come by it,—not by reflection, for right or straight is an attribute of extension, and can no more be separated from it, than large or small, not by sight; for though the eye be a judge of the distance between two points, it is angular distance, not linear,—nor by the touch, for it is a judge of physical lines, and magnitudes only, not of mathematical.

So that the plain truth is, he has no idea at all of a mathematical right line, for it is not a simple idea, and no one has ever yet attempted to analyse it, if

it be complex; neither can he give the specific difference between it and a crossed line, nor tell where rectitude ceases and deviation begins,—so that the same number and description of objections lie against his notion of a right line as my notion of metre.

Much has been said of the wonderful exactness of the mathematical sciences, and the simplicity of their foundations, which has led the cultivators of these sciences to exalt them as impregnable to objections. Now this is by no means the case, and although the matter may be somewhat irrelevant to the subject of this paper, yet, as utility and not rhetoric is my object, I will devote the remainder of this essay to the giving my readers some insight into the defects which mathematics partake of, in common with all other sciences, and which all end in deficiency of first principles. Archimedes of Syracuse, said he would counterpoise the earth if you gave him where to stand; so I little doubt but that Sidrophel could bring down a star with a pop-gun, if he could make away with gravity any how: grant me my premises or first principles, and I will prove the new moon is a clipt shilling; such as your foundation is, such must your superstructure be, and it is in vain for mathematicians to claim utter perfection for their science, when its first principles are defective.

Another definition, then, in geometry is, 'a point is that which has no parts nor magnitude;'—hence we are indebted to the mathematicians for this piece of information, viz. that God is a mathematical point, for he has neither parts nor bodily magnitude. To get rid of this difficulty, we are told 'that' means a quantity, and that a point is a species of quantity,—so the definition will stand thus, 'a point is a quantity which has neither parts nor magnitude,' i. e. a body made up of parts which has yet no parts, and a magnitude which has no magnitude; which I apprehend is rather an oblique method of defining; but if it suit a mathematician, I am sure we have no reason to be squeamish about it.

The algebraist will tell you of a quantity less than nothing, upon which I am sure he will take it kindly if I advise him of his present deification and approach to omnipotence; and that not such a scurvy kind of omnipotence as is satisfied with doing things possible to be done, but impossibilities also, for he can not only annihilate, but reduce a quantity to a size below nothing.

Again; what will my readers say of

a quantity which is neither something nor nothing, nor even less than nothing? Common sense will suppose I am playing upon it by proposing such a paradox, and yet mathematicians, from Newton to a freshman, hold its existence as undeniable as their own, naming it very pertinently, an imaginary or impossible quantity, and subjecting it to the operations of real quantities; and all this without ever laughing, that I have heard of.

These are a few of the premises of infallible mathematics, and upon these with others equally irrefragable, are built these stupendous fabrics, which tower among the clouds, and so often take the reason prisoner by their magnitude, are gaped at by the ignorant and lauded by the learned, as if every step from the base to the pinnacle, were as firm and inconcussible as the throne of God.

What, then, shall it be said I wish to derogate from the excellence of mathematics or call their sublime conclusions into question? by no means—no one can be more fully aware of their utility, their extent, and their clearness in demonstration, than I am; I merely assert that their first principles are inaccurate, more inaccurate than those of many other species of reasoning.

It remains that we compare metrical prose with blank verse, which shall form the subject of my next paper.

July 25th, 1821.

REDLAY.

## GOLDSMITH AND THE FRIAR OF ORDERS GREY.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—While reading over the 'Friar of Orders Grey,' a celebrated ballad supposed to be the production of Beaumont and Fletcher, I could not divest myself of the idea that Goldsmith must have had this poem in his mind when he wrote the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' and which is particularly apparent in these verses of Edwin and Angelina.

The friar says,—

'Within those holy cloisters long  
He languish'd, and he died  
Lamenting of a lady's love,  
And 'plaining of her pride.'

Angelina says,—

'Till quite dejected with my scorn  
He left me to my pride,  
And sought a solitude forlorn,  
In secret, where he died.'

The Friar,—

'But first, upon my true-love's grave  
My weary limbs I'll lay,  
And thrice I'll kiss the green grass-turf,  
That wraps his breathless clay.'



And art thou dead? thou much-lov'd youth!  
And did'st thou die for me?  
Then, farewell home! for ever more  
A pilgrim I will be.'

Angelina:—

'But mine the folly, mine the fault,  
And well my life shall pay;  
I'll seek the solitude he sought,  
And stretch me where he lay.  
And there forlorn, despairing, hid,  
I'll lay me down and die;  
'Twas so for me that Edwin did,  
And so for him will I.'

Friar:—

'Yet stay, fair lady! turn again,  
And dry those pearly tears;  
For see, beneath this gown of grey,  
Thy own true love appears.'

Edwin:—

'Turn Angelina! ever dear,—  
My charmer! turn to see  
Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,  
Restored to love and thee.' JOIDA.  
July 28, 1821.

#### BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

To the Editor of the *Literary Chronicle*.

SIR,—In the last number but one of Blackwood's Magazine,—that dandy of periodicals,—is commenced a series of letters, under the title of the 'Fisherman's Budget,' to which I wish to call the attention of your readers, on account merely of one particular circumstance. The 'Budget' is introduced, according to the approved method in all such cases, with a fictitious narrative, wherein the discovery of this epistolary treasure is said to have taken place on the Welsh coast, by 'the Rev. Owen Owen Balderdash, M. A. and Vicar of Caengylliwzlligul.' Now, what I would observe is, that the outlandish name of this parish has nothing whatever in common with the general structure of Welsh words; but, on the contrary, such a combination of letters is quite foreign to the language; and, to crown the whole, the letter z does not exist in Welsh either in form or in sound. It has, indeed, been employed by Mr. Owen in his dictionary to denote the double d, but has not been adopted by any subsequent writer, and consequently never occurs in the ordinary orthography. The name of *Caengylliwzlligul* is, therefore, as much out of character on this occasion, as if a writer on the manners of Italy were to designate a place in that country by the name of *Wycombe-in-the-Wolds*, or by any other name equally at variance with the softness and melliflence of the Italian tongue. Indeed, such a name would have the advantage over that, so preposterously adopted in Blackwood's work, inasmuch as it has some meaning, whereas the one under

consideration is as deficient in this respect as in every other. And here I would remark, that all names of places in Wales are as significant as any other words in the language.

The writer of the 'Budget' is also equally unfortunate in the choice of his hero's appellation; for I can venture to aver, that, from the days of Adam to the present, neither the name of *Balderdash*, nor any thing like it, was ever heard amongst the Welsh mountains.

Nor has our learned Budgeteer been more happy in his knowledge of Welsh history. For he talks of an ancient mansion, the residence of the famous Owain Glyndwr, being near the banks of the Conway, whereas it is well known that he never resided within fifty miles of the spot.

Surely, Mr. Editor, you will allow, that, when we pretend to pourtray the characteristics of any country, we ought to have some previous knowledge upon the subject—some trivial acquaintance with its history and other peculiarities. But here is a writer, hazarding an appearance before the world, in utter ignorance of what he is writing about, merely because he has the presumption to suppose every one else to be as ill-informed as himself. Would such literary quackery be, for a moment, tolerated, with reference to Italy, Germany, France, or even Scotland itself? Why then is it to be endured with respect to Wales?

I cannot conclude without offering a parting word of advice to the conductors of this dandy Magazine, which is, that when they venture again out of the 'land o' cakes,' they will have the good sense to make some decent provision for their journey, and not make their appearance amongst strangers with such a beggarly want of necessary equipments. ORDOVEX.

London, Aug. 7th, 1821.

P. S. In my last communication, (No. 115, p. 437, col. 1.) in the Greek quotation, the word *φευγω* was misprinted *φευγω*.—From CAMBRO's silence, I take it for granted, that his sketch of 'Marian' is, as I suspected.

#### CORONATION ANECDOTE.

To the Editor of the *Literary Chronicle*.

SIR,—In your last *Literary Chronicle*, under the article of 'Macdonnell of Glengarry,' you allude to the circumstance of a lady having accidentally dropped her glove at the coronation of his late Majesty George the Third,—that this accident was per-

verted into a defiance to the champion's challenge, and the lady metamorphosed into the Pretender in petticoats, &c.

In turning over the pages of a very entertaining and excellent work, to which I was a subscriber some years since, intitled 'Clavis Calendaria, or a Compendious Analysis of the Calendar, by John Brady,' I find the following similar, but more curious, anecdote related:—

'A ludicrous circumstance occurred at the coronation of King William and Queen Mary. Charles Dymock, Esq. who then exercised the right of being Champion, cast his gauntlet on the pavement in the usual form, and the challenge was proclaimed, when an old woman, who had entered the Hall on crutches, immediately took it up, and quitted the spot with extraordinary agility, leaving her crutches behind her, and a female glove, with a challenge in it to meet the Champion the next day in Hyde Park! Accordingly, the old woman, or, as is generally supposed, a good swordsman in that disguise, attended at the hour and place named in the challenge; but the Champion did not make his appearance, nor does it appear whether any measures were taken to discover who had passed so unseemly a joke.'

At a time when every anecdote connected with the coronation is extremely interesting, you will probably find this extract sufficiently so to merit insertion in your columns. I am, sir,

Your most obedient servant,  
6th Aug. 1821. J. H. A.

#### Biography.

HER LATE MAJESTY

#### QUEEN CAROLINE.

IF the most illustrious birth or the highest destiny could in themselves confer happiness, then had her late Majesty been the happiest of mortals; but, alas! the experience of many years had taught her how little the world's treasures or the world's honours could alleviate the sorrows of a wounded heart, and she might justly exclaim,—

Greatness, most envy'd when least understood,  
Thou art no real but a seeming good;  
Sick at the heart, thou in the face look'st well;  
By thy exalted state we only gain  
To be more wretched than the vulgar can.'

The family of Brunswick, of the reunited branches of which her late Ma-



jesty was the immediate descendant and representative, possesses such well founded claims to antiquity and importance, that it has engaged a more than ordinary share of the attention of genealogists and historians. An English subject, as Gibbon observes, might be justly proud, in investigating the origin and history of a family which, after an alliance with the daughter of our King, has been called by the voice of a free people to the legal inheritance of a crown; but we shall only observe that the family of Brunswick is one of the most distinguished houses in Germany, and that, at a period when families which now rank high, were but feudal chiefs, the house of Brunswick were sovereigns and independent princes. Without, however, seeking to give additional honours to her late Majesty from an illustrious ancestry, it may be enough to state that she was the niece of our late venerable sovereign; that her father was that brave Duke of Brunswick, who was slain but not conquered in resisting the power of Bonaparte, when coteremporary princes were tamely submitting to his sway and profiting by their subserviency; and that she was the sister of that gallant Duke, who, bearing on his sword his parent's and his country's wrongs, rushed first in the onset against Napoleon when he returned from Elba, and fell gloriously at the battle of Ligny. This prince, stung with the indignities that his father had suffered, clothed his little army in mourning and swore that they should never wear any other uniform until those wrongs were avenged.

Her late Majesty, Caroline Amelia Elizabeth, was the daughter of Charles Ferdinand, Duke of Brunswick, by Augusta, daughter of Frederick, Prince of Wales, and sister to his late Majesty. She was born at Brunswick on the 17th of May, 1768, and was remarkable, from her earliest youth, for a vivacity of disposition and for that heroic spirit which has never been confined to the male branches of the House of Brunswick. Her father's court was one of the gayest, and, at the same time, the most polished in Germany; and although the young princess paid due attention to her education, yet she participated freely in the pleasures of the court, and displayed a cheerfulness of disposition which sometimes, in after life, subjected her to a suspicion of levity, although those who were best acquainted with her, knew it was nothing more than that

innocent gaiety which, at a continental court, might be indulged without the slightest imputation.

When it was deemed advisable at the British court, as well to restrain the youthful follies of the heir apparent as to perpetuate the succession to the crown in the direct line, that the Prince of Wales should enter into a matrimonial union, the young princess of Brunswick was looked to as the most eligible match: she was descended from the same stock, was nearly allied to the crown, and was of the same religion as the establishment of England. The Prince of Wales, it was generally believed, was not very anxious to marry; but policy as well as the wishes of his parent dictated an acquiescence. The King was anxious to know whether his son had any predilections, and, to ascertain this point, got a nobleman who had not long before been at Brunswick, to introduce the subject to his Royal Highness. The Prince inquired respecting the person of the young princess, and was told she very much resembled his sister the Princess Mary. This was the strongest recommendation possible, as she was not only remarkably beautiful, but, of all his sisters, was the one to whom he was most attached. His Royal Highness thus readily agreeing to the match, immediate arrangements were made for carrying it into effect. The Earl of Malmesbury, accompanied by Mrs. Harcourt and other personages, was despatched to Brunswick, in the Jupiter, and returned on the 5th of April, 1795, with the royal bride. The Princess landed at Greenwich Hospital, where she was received by Sir Hugh Palliser, the Governor and other officers, and conducted to the governor's house. Lady Jersey arrived about an hour after the Princess landed.

It is impossible to conceive the bustle occasioned at Greenwich by the arrival of the Princess. The congregation at the Hospital Chapel left it, before the service was half over; and even the pulpit was forsaken for a sight of her Highness. After partaking of some refreshment and changing her dress, the Princess left the governor's house and got into one of the King's coaches drawn by six horses, and set off to town. In this coach were also Lady Jersey and Mrs. Harcourt. Other coaches, with Lord Malmesbury, Colonel Greville, &c. and two women servants, the only German attendants she had brought, fol-

lowed. The Princess's carriage was escorted on each side by a party of the Prince of Wales's own regiment of light dragoons; and, besides this escort, the road was lined at short distances by troops of the heavy dragoons, who were stationed from Greenwich all the way to the Horse Guards. There were, besides, hundreds of horsemen who followed her to town. All along the road, which was crowded, the people cheered the Princess with loud expressions of love and loyalty, and she, in return, very graciously bowed and smiled at them as she passed along. At three o'clock, her Highness alighted at St. James, and was conducted to the apartments prepared for her reception, which look into Cleveland Row. After a short time, the Princess appeared at the windows, which were thrown up; the people huzzaed and she curtsied; and this continued some minutes, until the Prince of Wales arrived from Carlton House: the first interview between two persons destined for an immediate union may be better conceived than expressed; it is said to have been very affectionate, and to have given hopes that the union would have been a happy one—hopes which unfortunately were so early blasted for ever. At a little before five o'clock the Prince and Princess sat down to dinner.

The people continuing to huzza before the palace, his Royal Highness, after dinner, appeared at the window, and thanked them for this mark of their loyalty and attention to the Princess, but hoped they would excuse her appearance then, as it might give her cold. This satisfied the crowd, who gave his Royal Highness three cheers. In the evening, when the populace had become rather noisy in their expressions of loyalty and attachment, before the Prince's apartments, in Cleveland Row, her Royal Highness appeared at the window, and in a voice of tenderness and grateful affection, thus addressed them: 'Believe me, I feel very happy and delighted to see the good and brave English people—the best nation upon earth.' The Prince afterwards addressed the people in a very condescending manner, and received the tribute of no venal applause.

On the evening of the 8th of April, the solemnity of the marriage of the Prince and the Princess was performed in the Chapel Royal, by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The procession was of the most splendid description. The bride, in her nuptial habit, with a



coronet, was led by the Duke of Clarence, and her train was borne by four unmarried daughters of Dukes and Earls. On entering the chapel, her Highness was conducted to the seat prepared for her, near her Majesty's chair of state. The bridegroom wore his collar of the order of the Garter, and he was supported by two unmarried Dukes, Bedford and Roxburgh. The procession of their Majesties followed; it included the whole of the princes and princesses of the blood royal.

Upon entering the chapel, the several persons in the procession were conducted to the places appointed for them; and, at the conclusion of the marriage service, their Majesties retired to their chairs of state under the canopy, while the anthem was performing. On the return of the procession, the king, the queen, the bridegroom, and bride, with the rest of the royal family and the great officers of state, proceeded to the Levee Chamber, where the registry of the marriage was attested with the usual formalities. After this, the procession continued into the lesser drawing-room, thence to the great Council Chamber, where the officers of state, the nobility, foreign ministers, and other persons of distinction, paid their compliments on the occasion.

The evening concluded with very splendid illuminations and other public demonstrations of joy throughout London and Westminster.

No sooner was the marriage consummated, than Parliament, with its accustomed liberality, made ample provision for the illustrious pair, by settling on the Prince of Wales an annual revenue of 125,000*l.* together with the rents of the Duchy of Cornwall. Out of this income, 73,000*l.* were appropriated to the discharge of the debts of the Prince previously contracted. The jointure of the Princess was fixed at 50,000*l.* a year.

There is, perhaps, no situation in life less enviable than that of princes, who, from motives of policy, are doomed to enter into the most solemn of all obligations, and to consent to a union in which the heart does not participate. It is not then to be wondered at, that so few royal marriages are really happy; but although the affections may be estranged, it is not surely too much to expect that those who have consented to the union should so far respect the decencies of society as not entirely to disregard it: and although the Prince

and Princess of Wales might never have loved each other, yet, as their appearance in public was only essential on days of state ceremony, they might have lived on such terms as need scarcely have betrayed it. This, however, unfortunately, was not the case, and, within a few short months of the marriage, serious misunderstandings were said to have occurred between the royal pair; nor did that greatest of all bonds of union, the birth of a child, tend to reconcile them, although the public looked forward to the event with eagerness.

It was on the 7th of January, 1796, that the late much lamented Princess Charlotte was born, to the great joy of their majesties and of the nation. A few days afterwards, an address of congratulation to the Prince of Wales on the event, was voted by the city of London, but his Royal Highness declined to receive it, on the ground that, having been under the necessity of dismissing his establishment, he could not entertain the deputation in a manner suitable to his rank and with that respect which was due to the city of London.

(To be concluded in our next.)

### Original Poetry.

#### EXTEMPORE LINES,

*Written on hearing of the Melancholy Death of Her Majesty.*

OH! mourn in the sadness of woe,  
Lay your harps on the willows to weep,  
Each bosom with anguish o'erflow,  
And sorrow be lasting and deep!

Bid Pity in mourning appear,  
All nature look sad at the sight;  
Let Morning be dimm'd with a tear,  
And darker the sables of night!

Let Slander its envious breath  
Be mute, and its malice give o'er;  
Its object is quiet in death,  
And food for its rancour no more!

Ye reptiles who wronged her now cease,  
Tho' she felt not the force of your sting;  
In heaven she resteth in peace,  
Where your shafts have no power of wing!

Her soul, in the fulness of joy,  
Rejoiceth the babe of her breast,—  
Sweet solace that knows no alloy,  
Finds peace on her bosom of rest!

Where God, in his mercy, all fears  
That weigh'd the lone wanderer down,  
Shall dry from her eye-lids the tears  
Repay'd by an heavenly crown!

HATT,

*Author of the Epicedium on the Death of the Princess Charlotte.*

8th August, 1821.

#### SONNET,

*Written in Darley Grove, near Derby.*

HERE let me pause beside the tranquil stream,  
While mazy Derwent's silver waters flow;  
Thou, Contemplation, thy mild gifts bestow,

While from the muses darts a radiant beam:  
How sweet, how grateful the poetic dream,  
When Nature, led by Cultivation's hand,  
Improves, enriches a surrounding land,  
And Industry and Plenty grace the theme.—  
Oft hast thou heard, ye Dryads, of this grove,  
The lovers' vows, the tender maidens' sighs;  
O may they never whisper here of love,  
Whose heart is recreant and their word be-  
lies;  
May no such traitor in this grove appear,  
But love and innocence be ever sacred here!

O. F.

#### STANZAS

*On hearing an Itinerant Musician, whose Voice and Style reminded the Author of Miss Copeland, of the Surrey Theatre.*

'THAT strain again—it had a dying fall,'  
And ever thus as Copeland touch'd the chord,  
Would fancy warm the memory recall  
Of pure delight her thrilling tones afford.  
That voice! ah, surely it can never be!  
Yes,—soul, the sweet delusion still enjoy:—  
'Tis Copeland's voice awakes my sympathy,  
As erst enacting *Richard's* minstrel boy;

Or pouring fourth *Madge's* heart-broken strain,  
She bids our tears in plenteous streamlets  
flow;—

Ah! who would miss the pleasure of such pain,  
Whose hearts the tender balm of pity know?

Thus let me dream the silent hours away—  
Thus let me snatch a visionary bliss;—

For, oh! if aught can a world of woe repay,  
It surely must be this. \* \* M.

#### APOSTROPHE TO GRANDMAA'S NOSE.

DELIGHTFUL organ of the human frame!

Aonian hill! through whose fine arches stray  
The breathings of sweet dreams: to hear thee  
play,

Methinks thou art an instrument of fame,  
Excelling creaking hinges,—chimneys' sounds,  
The oboe's upper notes,—the bagpipe's  
groans,—

The clarion's voice,—or raven's deeper tones:  
Or trees, when Boreas goes his northern rounds;  
O! when the midnight scene is dark and chill,  
And curtains close us in our *chorded* bed,—  
What intonations thy large nostrils fill!

I own their charm,—e'en now I feel a thrill  
That keeps me watchful as a nurse, instead  
Of sleep;—I count the passing *snores*;—my  
will,

*Cecilia!* yields to thee, till night has fled.

June, 1821.

MARIA.

### The Drama.

DRURY LANE.—The *Coronation* has proved as attractive as we anticipated, and crowded audiences have nightly attested their approbation, and filled the coffers of the treasury. The liberal and splendid manner in which Mr. Elliston has done honour to an important event, and at the same time contributed extensively to the gratification of the public, is, we trust, an earnest of better days and better doings than we have hitherto witnessed at this house.

COVENT GARDEN.—This theatre



closed an unusually long and, we believe, a successful season on Tuesday, with Shakespeare's *Henry IV.*, which, it appears, has been played not less than twenty-seven times. The house re-opens on the 21st of September; leaving a season of little more than six weeks for the summer theatres. The following farewell address was spoken by Mr. Fawcett:—

'LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I present myself to perform an unpleasant part of my duty,—that of taking leave of you; but I derive consolation from the hope that the separation will be of short duration. A retrospective glance at our campaign affords matter for gratitude and exultation, for you have generously patronized us by your approval, and our most gracious monarch has twice honoured us by the sanction of his name and presence. Most of our new productions have been successful. For the lovers of music, opera, in the earlier part of the season, took the lead, and held a conspicuous place. To please our juvenile friends at Christmas and Easter, our harlequin pantomime and melo-drama were happy in the extreme. Amongst plays of a classical and refined cast, three new and successful tragedies, in one season, is a proof that modern authors are not neglected by us, nor unrewarded by you. But, to conclude our labours on the 7th of August, with one of the great works of our immortal bard, got up in such a manner as to occasion its repetition twenty-seven times (to the most crowded and splendid audiences ever congregated within the walls of a theatre), furnishes materials for dramatic history, and affords me the pleasing opportunity of now offering you the most sincere and grateful thanks of our proprietors. Until the 27th of September next we close; and I can with truth declare, no day in the interim will be passed without an effort to re-open with (if possible) increased effect. The performers, ladies and gentlemen, and the humble individual who has the honour to address you, beg to add their thanks; and we all, for the present, most respectfully bid you farewell.'

**HAYMARKET.**—A new comedy, from the most prolific and ingenious living dramatist, Mr. Thomas Dibdin, was produced at this theatre on Saturday night with the most complete success. It was intitled *Rise and Fall*, and the following is a sketch of the plot:—

Sir Omnium Traffic (Mr. Williams), a rich and adventurous speculator, arrives with his niece, Miss Traffic (Mrs. Tayleure), at his splendid villa, in the highest style of mercantile magnificence, and is requested to patronize the intended marriage of Rose (Mrs. Chatterley), their head gardener's daughter, with Sensitive (Mr. Jones), a worthy and well-educated young man, in reduced circumstances, through the misfortunes of a deceased pa-

rent. The wealthy baronet and his niece treat their dependants with a considerable degree of hauteur, and object to a marriage not originally arranged under their auspices, when they receive an electrical shock in the news of a continental failure involving them in sudden poverty, and the necessity of selling their estates. On the other hand, the unassuming village schoolmaster, Sensitive, becomes as unexpectedly the possessor of an immense income, which enables him to purchase the baronet's domain; and a number of whimsical incidents are elicited from the rise of one family and fall of the other.—Sensitive, in spite of every temptation laid out for him, remains true to the humble Rose, and promises to assist his friend Trampley (Mr. Terry), an eccentric literary wanderer, in the service of the periodical press, with a large sum of money, when a codicil is discovered to the will of his benefactor, Sir Robert (Mr. Younger), which restricts him from marrying for three years, or from lending any sum above five pounds. While perplexed with these unlooked-for drawbacks, it is discovered that the testator is yet living, having been shipwrecked and supposed lost, but preserved, providentially, on his passage from the Indies; and the failure of Sir Omnium's agent turns out to be a fabrication, made with an intention to cure him of a dangerous partiality for hazardous speculation. Sensitive, however, is equally well provided for during his patron's life, marries his dear Rose, and all parties are rendered contented with each other.

This is one of those light three act pieces peculiar to this house, which, hovering between farce and comedy, partakes of the best features of both without any invasion of the strict rules of either; the story is developed with considerable art; the incidents arise easily and naturally, and the equivoque is carried on without any sacrifice of probability either in the conduct or expressions of the characters that are involved in it. The dialogue is maintained throughout in the happiest manner, it is the elevated conversation of true comedy, enlivened by flashes of genuine wit and humour. The acting did justice to the conception of the author. Jones, on whom the principal weight of the piece rested, and we know no one better able to bear a load of this description, played with that spirit, vivacity, and natural ease which have ranked him among the first comedians of the day. Terry, in the character of a literary adventurer who writes for the newspapers, received much and deserved applause. Oxberry, in a very grotesque dress, made a good deal of the lawyer; and De Camp made the best French valet

we ever saw on the stage. This character conveyed an excellent moral, and showed how little a man can depend upon professions of friendship, when they are forsaken by fortune. Mrs. Chatterley played with the prettiest rustic simplicity, and Mr. Tayleure infused a good deal of humour into the character of the gardener. The scenery was very beautiful; and the piece met with the most triumphant success, with the best audience of the season. It was announced for repetition every evening, amid the loudest cheers.

**ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.**—An interlude, intitled *Two Wives, or a Hint to Husbands*, was produced on Tuesday. The plot consists merely of the endeavours of the parents of a young lady, to work a reformation in her cruel and morose husband; this task is undertaken by their servant (Harley), and he accomplishes it by feigning that the former wife of the tyrant, who was supposed to have been drowned, was still living, and about to prosecute him for bigamy. The piece is lively, and Harley sings a laughable song, and bustles through four different characters; but these mono-dramas have had their day, and we do not think this will be long on the stage, although it is well played, and was received with every mark of complete success.

### Literature and Science.

**Pyroligneous Acid.**—The value of the vinegar of wood, lately successfully used for the purpose of preserving meat for a great length of time, even in warm climates, has been proved by M. J. Stanley, M. D. as follows:

'Having previously made several experiments with the acid, which were favourable, on the 6th of October, 1819, I prepared two pieces of fresh meat (beef) with the purified acid, applying it lightly over their surfaces by means of a small brush. After hanging up in my kitchen till the 12th of November following, I gave one of the specimens to the captain of a vessel bound for the West Indies, with directions to observe and note any change that might take place during his voyage. In the month of Oct. 1820, he restored me the specimen. On comparing it with that left at home I could perceive no sensible difference. On the 21st of December following, I caused both to be thoroughly boiled, and when served up,



they were declared by several gentlemen who tasted them with me, to be perfectly fresh and sweet, and, with the addition of salt and vegetables, a palatable and wholesome dish.

*Ice.*—M. Hemptinne, of Brussels, has shewn, that ice for summer use should be taken from the river on a very cold day, and be exposed on the following night to the open air, till its temperature is in equilibrio with the cold of the atmosphere. It should be then placed in the ice-house, about six o'clock in the morning when the air becomes warmer. In order to prove the advantages of this method, he supposes that two ice-houses have been filled with ice, one with ice at 32°, and the other with ice at 14°. When a sixth part of the ice at 32° is melted the ice at 14° will be untouched, but its temperature will have risen to 32°. One sixth part of the whole, therefore, has been saved by laying it up at a low temperature.

*Egyptian Antiquities.*—M. Caillaud, who accompanied the expedition of Ismael Bay to Dongolah, remained some time at Thebes, where he discovered a mummy coeval with the time of the Greeks. On the head of the embalmed personage, is a gilt crown, in the form of a lotus. The body is wrapped up in bandelets, after the Egyptian manner. On the case or sarcophagus, which envelopes the mummy, inscriptions are visible, some in Greek, and others in hieroglyphics. On the right side, there appears tied with fillets, a manuscript on papyrus, in the Greek language. The linen that covers the mummy is overspread with Egyptian subjects and hieroglyphic signs. In the interior of the case, the signs of the zodiac are represented. This valuable monument is in excellent preservation, though the design, the ornaments, and the colours are not so perfect as in some more ancient works. It appears from hence that the Egyptians attained, under the Greeks, an acquaintance with hieroglyphics. The famous stone of Rosetta had already proved this, as it regards the epoch of Ptolemy Epiphanes; and certain inscriptions recently found at the feet of the Sphinx, in the excavations of Capt. Cavaglia warrant the opinion that the art of their writing had been preserved to a certain time under the Romans.

In some recent excavations, by the Arabs, at Thebes, a tomb was opened, wherein were ten or twelve cases of mummies, three of which had Greek inscriptions by the side of hieroglyphics!

The annexed is a translation of one of them:—‘Tomb of Typhon, son of Heraclius Soter and of Serapis. He was born on the second day of Athur, in the 5th year of our Lord Adrian. He died on the 20th of the month Mechêir, in the 11th year of the same Lord, at the age of six years, two months, and twenty days. He was buried on the 12th of Athur, in the 12th of Adrian.’

This inscription must have lasted 1631 years, Adrian having commenced his reign in the year 117 of the Christian Æra.

M. Caillaud has, moreover, found in the catacombs of Thebes, a number of different objects that shed a new light on the manners and customs of the Egyptians, such as furniture, apparel for the legs and feet, ornaments for the toilet, and even ancient bread in good preservation.

### The Bee.

*‘Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia limant,  
Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta.’*

LUCRETIVS.

It is a curious fact, that the temperature of the longest day in this year, was below that of the shortest of the last.

*Epigram.—From the Greek.*

It was not Dr. Julep’s skill  
That kill’d me: no, but being ill,  
I thought I saw him by my side;—  
That was enough for me—I died.

A lawyer, noted for a closer attention to his own interest than that of his clients, had adopted for his motto, ‘*Successus aut spem*,’ which a wag thus rendered into English: ‘I have cheated five hundred, and hope to cheat five hundred more.’

A boy, about ten years of age, was lately asked by Mr. H. who made him. ‘Moses,’ replied the boy. ‘Are you not mistaken?’ said Mr. H. ‘No, sir. Will you tell me who made you?’ ‘Aaron.’ ‘What,’ said the boy, ‘are you that cursed calf that Aaron made?’

*Impromptu.*

Say’s fair Ophelia, with surprise,  
How dark have lately grown my eyes;  
True, sighs a lover, they’re array’d  
In mourning for the deaths they’ve made.

*On a Baker. By his Wife.*

With balm I have scattered the spot where he lies,  
But I hope to the Lord it won’t make his crust rise;  
I’ll flower his grave, but I’ll not do as he did,  
For I beg to assure him his dough is not needed.

At the marriage of Monsieur, the Count d’Artois, the city of Paris agreed to distribute marriage portions. A smart little girl, of sixteen, named Lise Noirin, having presented herself to inscribe her name on the list, was asked

who was her lover?—‘O!’ said she, with great simplicity, ‘I have no lover; I thought the city furnished every thing.’—This answer created much mirth; and in the event a husband was found for her.

*Epigram on a Baker with a Tray of Loaves on his Head, knocking a Passenger down.*

‘Baker, you heedless fellow!—  
Thus early art thou mellow,  
And in such driving haste  
To feed some glutton’s taste,  
To knock me down as dead?’  
‘I’m under great necessity,  
Therefore I heed not such as thee:’  
‘Well! never mind for once,—  
Thou’rt more a clown than dunce,  
I see thou’rt underbred.’ . . . P.

*Madame de Staël.*—This celebrated author and strong-minded woman was not free from singular superstitions. In her last illness, finding she could not recover, she became impatient, and took many singular whims into her head, one of which was, that she could not die comfortably, save in the bed of her intimate friend, Madame Gay, (the author of two of the best French novels of the present day, and several successful dramatic pieces.) Madame G. instantly consented to it, and Madame de Staël was conveyed on a mattress to her house, and the instant she was put into Madame G.’s own bed, she said, ‘now, my dear Sophia, I shall die in peace—God bless you.’

Nature appears in Switzerland in some of its most awful and majestic forms.—The stupendous summits of the Alps, clothed in eternal snow, the glaciers or seas of ice, intersected with numerous fissures, the tremendous precipices, the descending torrents, and dashing cataracts, are objects singularly terrific and sublime. Sometimes masses of snow and ice, loosened from these mountains, are suddenly precipitated into the vallies below, sweeping away flocks and villages in their course, and even the mountains themselves sometimes burst asunder, and overwhelm thousands of people by their fall:—

From steep to steep loud thundering down they come,

A wintry waste in dire commotion all;  
And herds and flocks, and travellers and swains,  
And sometimes whole brigades of marching troops,  
Or hamlets, sleeping in the dead of night,  
Are deep beneath the smothering ruin whelm’d.

Alady once complained that a gentleman, during the whole of divine service, kept his eyes constantly fixed on her face. ‘Pray, madam,’ said the person to whom the complaint was made, ‘where were your own eyes all this time?’



The 19th of July is memorable in more respects than the coronation of our present sovereign. 1. On that day, 1338, Edward defeated the Scots, with great slaughter, at Halidown Hill, near Berwick-upon-Tweed. On that day, 1554, Philip II. King of Spain, landed at Southampton, and was married to the sanguinary Mary, at Winchester, on the 25th of the same month—a union to which a great part of the nation had, with good cause, the utmost aversion. 3. On that day, 1575, began a most magnificent entertainment, given to Queen Elizabeth by the Earl of Leicester, in Kenilworth Castle, Warwickshire, which was extraordinary for expense and magnificence. The daily expense is said to have been, even at that time, 1000*l.* to the earl. 'Surely,' observes Hume, 'one may say of such a guest, what Cicero said to Atticus, on occasion of a visit paid him by Cæsar—“If she relieved the people from oppressions, her visits were a great oppression to the nobility.”' 4. On that day, 1588, the Spanish Armada arrived in the English channel, but was soon after compelled to retreat.

#### TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

'Life, as displayed in the Sojournings of Loftus Grey,' and 'Ralph Doggrel's Parody,' in our next.

The favours of Auld Dominie, Mr. Hatt, D. M., and Grenville, shall have immediate attention.

We do not agree with Mediocrity, that the review he mentions is a desideratum that cannot be dispensed with, and we have no recollection of having heard from him before on the subject.

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For the first extract, vide *British Critic* for June, 1821;—for the second, see *Literary Gazette*, July 7, 1821.

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